

# *Terra Sancta*

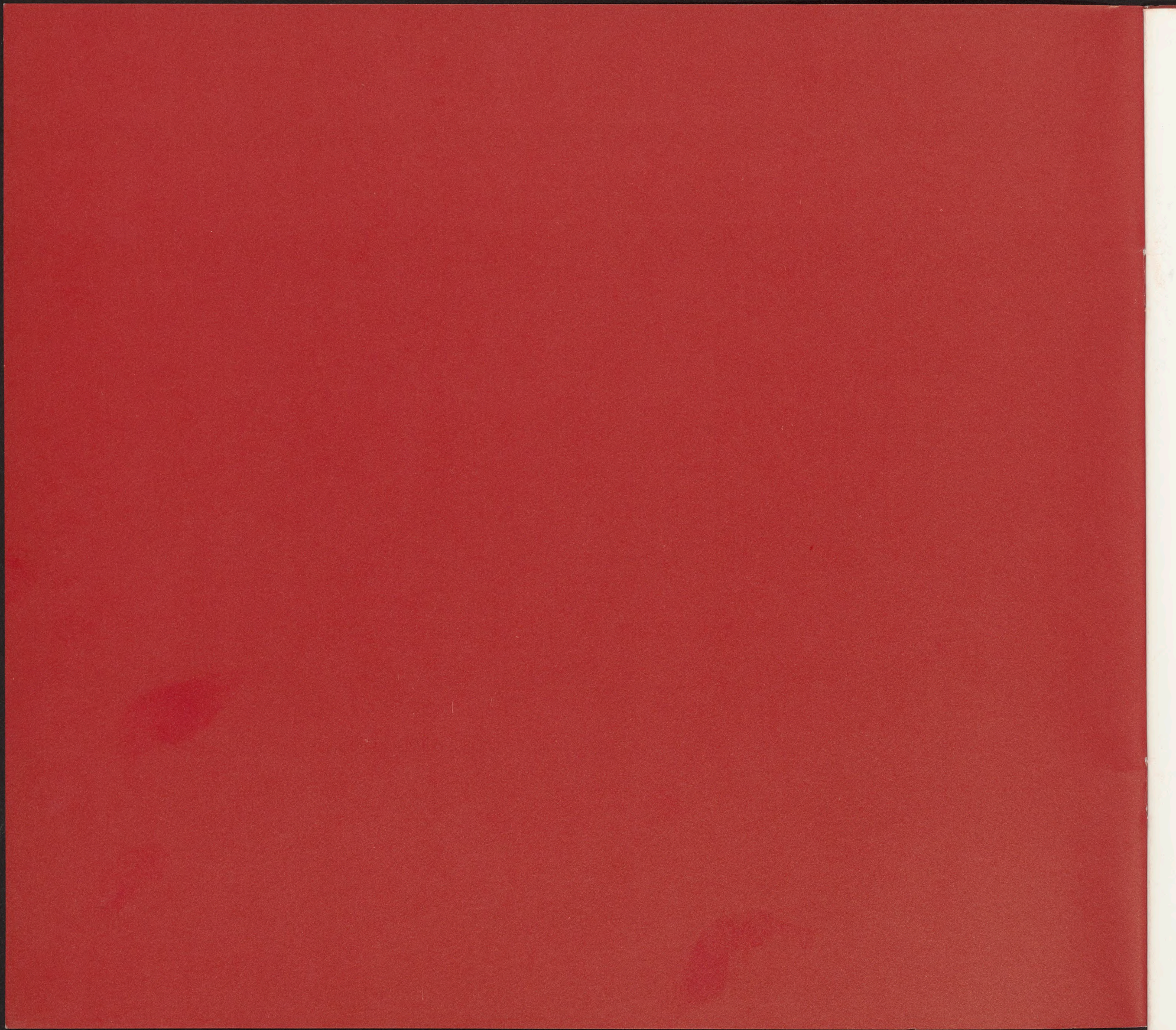
Frank DiPerna

Arnold Kramer

Bernis von zur Muehlen

Peter von zur Muehlen







# *Terra Sancta*

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ISRAEL AND SINAI,  
NEPAL, AND THE NORTH AMERICAN DESERTS

Frank DiPerna

Arnold Kramer

Bernis von zur Muehlen

Peter von zur Muehlen

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

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*Terra Sancta* was organized by assistant curator Frances Fralin with the assistance of exhibition coordinator Dena Andre.

*Frances Fralin*

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Quotations by W.B. Yeats from "Anashuya and Vijaya,  
1889," *The Collected Poems*, MacMillan Publishing Co.,  
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# Terra Sancta

Susan Sontag once said, "Like a wood fire in a room, photographs . . . of distant landscapes and faraway cities . . . are incitements to reverie." In the works of Frank DiPerna, Arnold Kramer, Bernis von zur Muehlen, and Peter von zur Muehlen, we are indeed invited to contemplate scenes remote in time and place—the North American deserts, Israel and Sinai, and Nepal. None of these artists is exclusively a landscape photographer. In every case, their careers have followed logical yet episodic paths within the tradition of "straight" photography. Each felt compelled to make contact with a place known to be endowed with a unique spiritual past. Although the subjects differ in emphasis, these four bodies of work are pictorially and conceptually related.

In the late twentieth century, we are increasingly bombarded by a hailstorm of new and often unsettling information. Some photographers address this onslaught head-on, in images which actually show the chaos of modern life, while others choose to confront issues of disturbing cultural loss in a more subtle or indirect way. Among other things, these four groups of photographs document places which will inevitably change. However, they are not just records, or mirrors, but windows opening to individual interpretations of the world, imparting more than the sum of their facts. They are infused with that unnameable but instantly recognizable "quality of presence," that characteristic which cultural critic Walter Benjamin considered the defining quality of a work of art. Benjamin pointed out in 1934, and it still holds today, that photography of necessity beautifies its subject. In these photographs the beauty is not always that of a perfect composition or a perfect print but the beauty which comes from

insight. Quietude, emptiness, and peacefulness coexist with the specter of disruption, violence, and desecration. They remind us of the fragility of our planet itself.

These images are, of course, intensified by the information we bring to them. In the words of photographic historian Alan Trachtenberg, "The quarrel is not between a picture that is formalist and a picture that is humanist, but between a viewing which is passive and a reading which is active and reflective." The photographs evoke nature and the human presence in a spirit of inquiry and of communion.

In 1980 when Frank DiPerna photographed in the south of France, he had only recently begun working in color, seduced by the pearly luminescence of the SX-70 Polaroid print. The arid, rocky landscape he confronted there reminded him of sites in Mexico and the American Southwest and rekindled his interest in the American desert landscape. The artist's concern is not primarily to make a statement about the environment but to reveal and interpret his personal relationship to this particular environment.

DiPerna portrays the stark, majestic vistas of the North American deserts, which extend from northern Mexico through much of the American Southwest. This is the same harsh domain sculpted in prehistory that Americans consider synonymous with their social history of rugged individualism—a stage for heroic action. However, native Americans, many of whose ancestors were systematically displaced and nearly eradicated by European settlers and their descendants, have maintained the closest communion with this inhospitable land. The

Southwest Indians hold the longest continuous record of human habitation on the continent outside Mexico, where native American civilizations flourished from prehistoric times until they were subjugated by the Spaniards. These tribes have traditionally had a rich spiritual and religious heritage, a mystical bond to their land and animals, and an intense devotion to this difficult environment.

DiPerna, using a palette of subtle yet seductive—almost iridescent—colors, transports us to well-known locales and, rotating just a few degrees from the points of view made overly familiar by countless popular and commercial images, shows us the unexpected scene. He describes his communion with the landscape:

*This whole experience is the most satisfying when I feel I can participate in the landscape somehow—not dig into it or alter it physically with my hands, but through photography. You sense it, you see it, you begin to feel it, even without a camera. The 8-by-10-inch format allows me to feel like a full participant in a way that hand-held cameras don't. I think it has to do with disappearing under the black viewing cloth and isolating myself from whatever is going on around me—having a direct connection to this translucent image on the ground glass. It's like a great big luminous transparency.*

These views required patience—the photographer often waited for hours for the scene to be vacated, and perhaps then missed the midday sun necessary for the creation of these shadowless photographs. Although the landscapes appear unpeopled, we discern signs of life, as in the footprints in Catalogue #13, which, with its swells of sand backed by a mountainous cloud and sea-blue sky, at first looks like an abstract painting or theater backdrop. "There was a guy in a red shirt up there for hours who just



wouldn't move. I was yelling at him but he was too far away. The clouds were changing." Clouds are also dominant in Catalogue #9, where they echo shapes and colors in the ambiguously scaled landscape (drainpipes and a road offer a clue to size). "Clouds are so important in my pictures. So I'm always waiting. I'm waiting for the human presence to go away; meanwhile the cloud formation is getting messed up." DiPerna explains another even more mysterious dimension to this work:

*There is a strange phenomenon. When I photograph, I drive and can see these pictures coming for miles. A lot of the time I have an idea in my head—with this work especially—of what I want a picture to look like that day. And I just drive until I find it. I can see the clouds starting to build. And I can see the color of the land becoming the kind of color that I had in mind. It may take another forty or fifty miles before I get there, but I can just feel it coming.*

*In the desert there are times when the combination of the air, the velocity of the wind, the brightness and heat of the sun, the color of the land, the texture of the land, and the sound of your feet on the land, all those things come together in such a way that it just literally overwhelms you and gives you a sense of well-being which must be what religion is to many people.*

Arnold Kramer's photographs of the contested lands where both Western and Middle Eastern cultures share their origins, the cradle of three great world faiths—Christian, Jewish, and Muslim—are so fraught with centuries of conflicting historical legacies that one can scarcely view them without an overwhelming sense of uncontrollable destiny. The sheer beauty of this arid, rocky, barren place is a contradiction; its often apparent desolation belies its supreme importance to many peoples of the earth. Perhaps no other land has claimed such love and veneration; no other land has been fought over with such ferocity and anguish. The viewer brings to the pictures an awareness of underlying tensions that seem in-

compatible with their serene loveliness. The cities, whether seen from afar or from within, appear ageless and timeless and beautiful. They embrace and absorb the artifacts of contemporary life, as in Catalogue #20 of ancient rooftops crowned with proliferating antennae, wiring, various metal objects, and a red plastic tub. In Catalogue #16, again punctuated with a red plastic bucket, the inner doorway in Bethlehem's Church of the Nativity creates a transition from the ordinary to the mystical world.

Kramer claims that he is not really a landscape photographer—his interests have been principally in portraits and photographs of the urban environment. Led to visit Israel because, he says, of certain unresolved feelings he had about it, he made the journey in 1985 and again in 1986. One goal was to photograph the Via Dolorosa; he recounts having been transfixed while viewing some 19th-century prints of the thirteen stations of the cross, which he remembers were imbued with a magical religious quality just by the nature of the light. He found that he could not discern "a trace of the original feeling of what the stations of the cross might have meant" and so abandoned the project. However, he did find compelling the vistas of Jerusalem, Samaria and Judea (also known as the West Bank), and the Sinai, where he could feel the magic in the land, as if he could see back in time.

*That setting is so peculiar to someone who has lived in the United States, because in every way that one would measure valuable real estate, that piece of real estate is not valuable. It doesn't have water; it's a desert. It's hot and sunny most of the time. You have to wonder why people find it such a compelling place. But if you look at the history of that piece of land, people have struggled to possess it for many millennia. And so there is something there beyond the normal sort of property we typically attach value to. When you go there today, anyone who's part of the Judaic tradition, the Moslem tradition, or the Christian tradition is carrying a lot of baggage because all three religions have their roots—their mythology—in that one place.*

*Everyone there seems to be on some kind of mission dealing with philosophical or religious ideas. It's a hotbed of passion over there. So I ended up making pictures of the landscape—my idea was to see whether those pictures could evoke some of that passion. Just talking about them now, I'm realizing so much happened to me, and I had so many feelings when I was there, and the photographs represent such a slender fraction of the experience. But then that's the magical thing about photography—it's the attitude of the photographer that somehow gets in some intangible way encoded into the pictures, under the best of circumstances. And hopefully that can be discerned by people who look at them.*

*I want from my photographs, and other people's photographs that I look at, to be reminded of what it's like to be living, or what it means to be here. I think if Minor White [Kramer's former teacher] were alive he might not be particularly interested in what I've done. But one of the things he conveyed to me is the idea that a really wonderful photograph should serve to remind, in a very direct way, a viewer of his or her existence and connection to life. These pictures are about that to me.*

The photographs by Bernis and Peter von zur Muehlen explore a land of resplendent color and tactile richness, the kingdom of Nepal. It is a country whose origins are shrouded in myth, whose ancient systems are still basically in place, and whose landscape has remained fundamentally unaltered for thousands of years. A landlocked nation straddling the Himalaya, Nepal sits between India and Tibet, under the shadow of Mount Everest. With one of the holiest Hindu temples and the sacred Bagmati River that flows into the Ganges, Nepal for many centuries has been the source and focus of much religious devotion in the Hindu cultures of the East. Nepal is also the birthplace of Siddhartha Sakyamuni, the Gautama Buddha, who was born in the middle of the sixth century B.C. In this century, Nepal's reputation as a sanctuary for Buddhist thought and meditation has attracted many Westerners seeking inner peace.



The von zur Muehlen's pictures capture the spirit of Nepal's unique amalgam of Hinduism and Buddhism influenced by Tantrism—reflected in its myriad shrines constantly eroding and evolving through continual rubbing and adorning. These evocative photographs depict the legacy of a millennium of human ritual and worship and of everyday existence in this small, developing country, only recently opened to the West and inexorably beginning to acquire some of the manifestations of Western culture.

During 1984 and 1985, the von zur Muehlens spent a year in Nepal, where Peter, an economist, was invited by the Nepalese government to share his expertise, under the auspices of the International Monetary Fund, with Nepal's central bank. Fortunately, his schedule allowed him to spend much of the time photographing. Bernis took a leave of absence from her teaching position to accompany him. These prints represent only a segment of their year's output; they also worked extensively in black and white to photograph the ancient commercial heart of Kathmandu and with the Polaroid SX-70 camera to document hundreds of personal shrines in the process of transformation through worship. Bernis continued to work with infrared film, particularly to photograph the eroding of the Kathmandu valley and of the surrounding mountainous terrain.

Upon their arrival in Nepal they were overwhelmed by the profusion of sensory stimuli. As the culture gradually came into focus, they became attuned to the details around them and, photographing every day, engaged in an intense study of the land and people. Bernis recalls:

*At first you see everything and nothing. Then you find yourself naming everything, and everything is separate; then you transcend that to a new kind of innocence that's not ignorance, and you still see all the individual things and their uniqueness, but at the same time you see it all as one.*

Ordinarily the two artists have quite different photographic approaches and concerns. On this

trip, however, the von zur Muehlens often photographed together at the same locations, even exchanging cameras if the view so compelled them, so their individual visions at times overlapped. Bernis, known for her exquisite, sometimes hand-colored, infrared photographs of male nudes, as well as her tough, penetrating color portraits, says that when she takes up the camera, the act of photographing becomes a highly intuitive rather than an analytical process. Since her teaching vocation emphasizes verbal and analytical skills, she found the Eastern way of approaching life a liberating experience.

*The Nepalese attitude toward space and time is different from that in the West. Space and time are interpenetrating. It's a very ancient view and also a very modern one in accord with the most recent developments in physics. In Eastern mythology a beautiful metaphor for this idea is Indra's net. Imagine an infinite-dimensional net, and at each point where the threads cross there is a gem reflecting every other gem in the whole net. That's the universe. And everything in the universe is one, both space and time.*

In Nepal she first focused on the landscape of the Kathmandu Valley, an accessible subject. Gradually she became more absorbed in the density of life in the third world. Even in the stillness of photographs like Catalogue #43 and #45, one finds many layers of form and meaning, and a pervasive sense of the sacred. Bernis explains that personal shrines are omnipresent—in homes, on the facades of structures of all sorts, along the street and beside the road. Impressively elaborate or as simple as natural rounded stones, they are in every stage of decomposition or naturalization, which Nepal accepts with equanimity as inevitable.

Peter's analytical inclinations, which reflect his background as an economist, are evident in his previous work—square-format geometrically composed abstract views of the urban environment, revealing and transforming its often overlooked details. Departing from the square, his work in Nepal is looser, more asymmetrical and

fluid, tending to concentrate on overlapping planes, as illustrated in Catalogue #55 and #56.

*In the mountains or in the valley, it is neither form nor texture that holds my interest. Nor is it really the curious, exotic, or even anthropological content of the subject. Rather, when I photograph, I am excited when there appears something that transcends the obvious, the contrast that leads to insight. I admire such transcendent qualities in the poetry of William Carlos Williams and Wallace Stevens. Nepal, whether in its mountains, its valleys, or its towns, presents a purity of vision, a rawness even, and a seemingly unmanipulated tableau of the human presence [as in Catalogue #59]. What appears as irony to us, even in some of my photographs, is completely natural, and certainly innocent in origin.*

Peter was particularly interested in photographing the landscape near Mount Everest, which became for him an act of communion.

*I was in awe of the grandeur of nature, of the imposing peaks that blocked the view in every direction. But I was even more moved by the landscape surrounding them. The contrast between foreground and background, between softness and sharpness, and the tension between the inviting and the forbidding, held me spellbound.*

*In the hearts of the Sherpas, these mountains are a spiritual sanctuary. In the countryside—no matter how remote—one sees small caityas, symbolizing the burial mound of the Buddha, countless prayer flags fluttering from poles, and many piles of mani stones engraved with mantras and images of the Buddha. The sanctity of the land underscores man's deep ties with nature and his connection with his eternity.*

*The world, indeed, is like a dream and the treasures of the world are an alluring mirage. Like the apparent distance in a picture, things have no reality in themselves but are like heat haze.* (attributed to Gautama Buddha)

Frances Fralin



## Frank DiPerna

My feet are still cold from last night's chill while the early morning sun warms my face. From my high campsite I can look down over the desert floor. For miles the landscape is a mingling of salmon-colored mounds, green-brown scrub growth and a few cactuses. The space is uninterrupted. The world is nothing but clear sky and pastel earth.

A soft breeze comes up and stirs the air slightly, giving some life to the nearby brush and making a dull whistle through the wren holes in the saguaros. Jackrabbits, roadrunners and a variety of lizards all go about their business under the watchful eyes of a red-tail hawk. As I climb down the slopes leading to the desert floor I am thankful for the companionship the animals provide.

While I walk across the desert everything seems to have its own space. Each cactus, each mound, each scrub and each animal has an identity of its own. But I am more drawn to the relationship between the things. Some of the physical relationships in front of me have existed perhaps for centuries, others for a few years, and some are changing by the second.

All of this is more visible in the desert. In spite of what most may think, life in the desert is not so much a struggle but a celebration.

As the morning passes, the heat of the day begins its numbing effect on everything. The clouds seem to pause and the wind dies while the animals seek refuge wherever they can. Now the desert is becoming quiet. The sound of my footsteps on the crusted earth blends with the sound of my breathing. If I stopped walking and held my breath, I would be in the midst of absolute silence. The air is perfectly still, as the ground and sky are in complete harmony with one another. The hot sun has warmed me into a state of alertness making me fully aware of everything. During these moments the physical presence of the landscape can be overwhelming. These powerful moments teach more than I can comprehend. They are overwhelming, but at the same time contain a profound sense of well-being. They are brief encounters with ecstasy.

*Frank DiPerna*





2. Charred Palmettos, Acatlan, Puebla, Mexico, 1983





3. Maguery Field, Pachuca, Hidalgo, Mexico, 1983





15. *Twenty Mule Team Canyon, Death Valley National Monument, California, 1984*





13. *Sand Dune, Great Sand Dune National Monument, Colorado, 1984*





9. Blue Mesa, Petrified Forest National Park, Arizona, 1984



## Arnold Kramer

Pilgrims journey to the Holy Land. They are seeking. Passion drives the pilgrim forward.

We went to Hebron in the West Bank one day to visit the tomb of Abraham, an ancient site contested by Jews and Palestinians for each of whom it is an important religious monument. A blind beggar was sitting on the ground near the entrance to the mosque waiting for visitors to make donations to his cup. He had been a pilgrim to Mecca who, like other such travelers, blinded himself after his pilgrimage so that the sight of the beloved city would never be replaced by another vision.

In Jerusalem and the West Bank, a visitor sees a community almost consumed by endless political, ideological, economic, and racial struggles that batter the landscape and its inhabitants. The impact of these conflicts through time is manifest in the patterns of architecture and agriculture, the divisions within neighborhoods, the presence of the army, and the anxiety on the faces of citizens. No Israeli that I spoke to failed to express his or her fear of the Palestinian Arabs with whom they shared the land.

Ultra-Orthodox Jewish groups are almost at war with less observant Jews about whether or not the government shall be a theocracy, and to what extent the society shall require its citizens to observe the rules of behavior and observance spelled out in the Torah.

A middle-aged and quite proper woman whom we met and who invited us to her home for a sabbath dinner told us in conversation that one day she had gone to a grocery store wearing slacks. She was ap-

proached by another woman who accused her of offending God with her immodest dress and of causing, by this unwillingness to obey the laws of Orthodox Judaism, the deaths of some school children killed in a recent bus accident.

But somehow, underneath these conflicts is a landscape that embraces present and past struggles and transcends them all. It is human in scale, spartan and subtle, lacking in water and mineral wealth, and filled with stones that lie on the ground like memories. It seems occupied by an eternal presence which contains all the passion and tears spent here and is still larger and deeper than everything that has happened.

On the Golan Heights is Gamla, a place described by the Roman historian Josephus. When the Jews revolted against Rome in 63 A.D., they finally retreated to Masada in the south and Gamla in the north. Gamla is an outcropping of rock shaped like a camel's back. Five thousand Jews took refuge there and the Romans laid siege. When their resistance was broken, the rebels all jumped to their deaths rather than be captured. Since that time, no one has occupied that place. Today it is a wildlife preserve. Archaeologists are unearthing bits of pottery and architecture. The landscape undulates under the wings of the birds who soar above the hills. At one's feet are fragments of pots undisturbed for two thousand years.

*Arnold Kramer*





18. *Gamla, Golan Heights, 1985*





20. Old City of Jerusalem, 1985





16. *Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, 1985*





22. Sinai, 1985





27. Jerusalem, 1986



## Bernis von zur Muehlen

Nepal is officially a Hindu kingdom, yet one finds in practice a mingling of Hindu and Buddhist traditions. At the root is the belief in Brahman: the ultimate reality, the inexpressible essence, the eternal within one's own consciousness.

In this land of the Himalaya the secular is not felt as separate from the sacred, for all creatures and all things are, in their multiplicity, an expression of the One. The gods and goddesses that populate the Hindu and Buddhist pantheons are essentially metaphors for—reflections of—the One. The worshiper, too, is part of the wholeness of being. Even words like part and whole belie the ultimately non-dual quality of Brahman.

Scattered all over the Kathmandu valley are thousands of shrines, each devoted to a favorite god or goddess or to a *Bodhisattva*: a compassionate human being who, though near becoming a Buddha, does not enter *Nirvana* but chooses instead to help others find their own paths to enlightenment. On each shrine one finds the ever-changing physical marks of *puja*—the ritual offerings of red and yellow powders mixed with oil, fruits, vegetables, flower petals, grains, and the blood of sacrificed animals. A simple rock—a *matrika* stone representing the mother goddess of pre-Vedic, animist origin—inspires devotion as fervent as the most subtly crafted sculpture.

One afternoon, a Nepali woman watches intently as I photograph a *saktipitha*, an open, sacred space containing seven or eight mother goddess stones. The *matrika* stones

are smeared with red and yellow powders and are strewn with marigolds. The woman lives in a small room close by this shrine and does her *puja* here. After examining the instant photo image, she squats before the stones and—perhaps to please the Westerner—carefully rearranges the blossoms scattered by other worshipers who had passed and simply tossed grains or petals toward the icon. Finally, she proposes in smile and gesture that I take a second picture. She accepts the photo I offer and places it, along with some petals, on a crate in her room. Photograph has become icon.

Over the years, artists have shaped the images of gods and goddesses in celebration of their faith in the Eternal. Time and the daily touch of many hands have smoothed surface and form but not the imagination which sustains these objects in the hearts of the devout. Although worship is focused on physical objects and is often public and seemingly mundane, faith is private and abstract; it is not concerned with beauty but with essence: worn beyond recognition but covered with fresh India vermilion, a mother goddess may emerge from the mud of an open sewer.

The ritual of *puja* will continue, inexorably reducing stone to nothing. But this process of transformation is not a matter for concern. In their very being, Hindus and Buddhists understand the artificiality of separating Now from Eternity.

Bernis von zur Muehlen



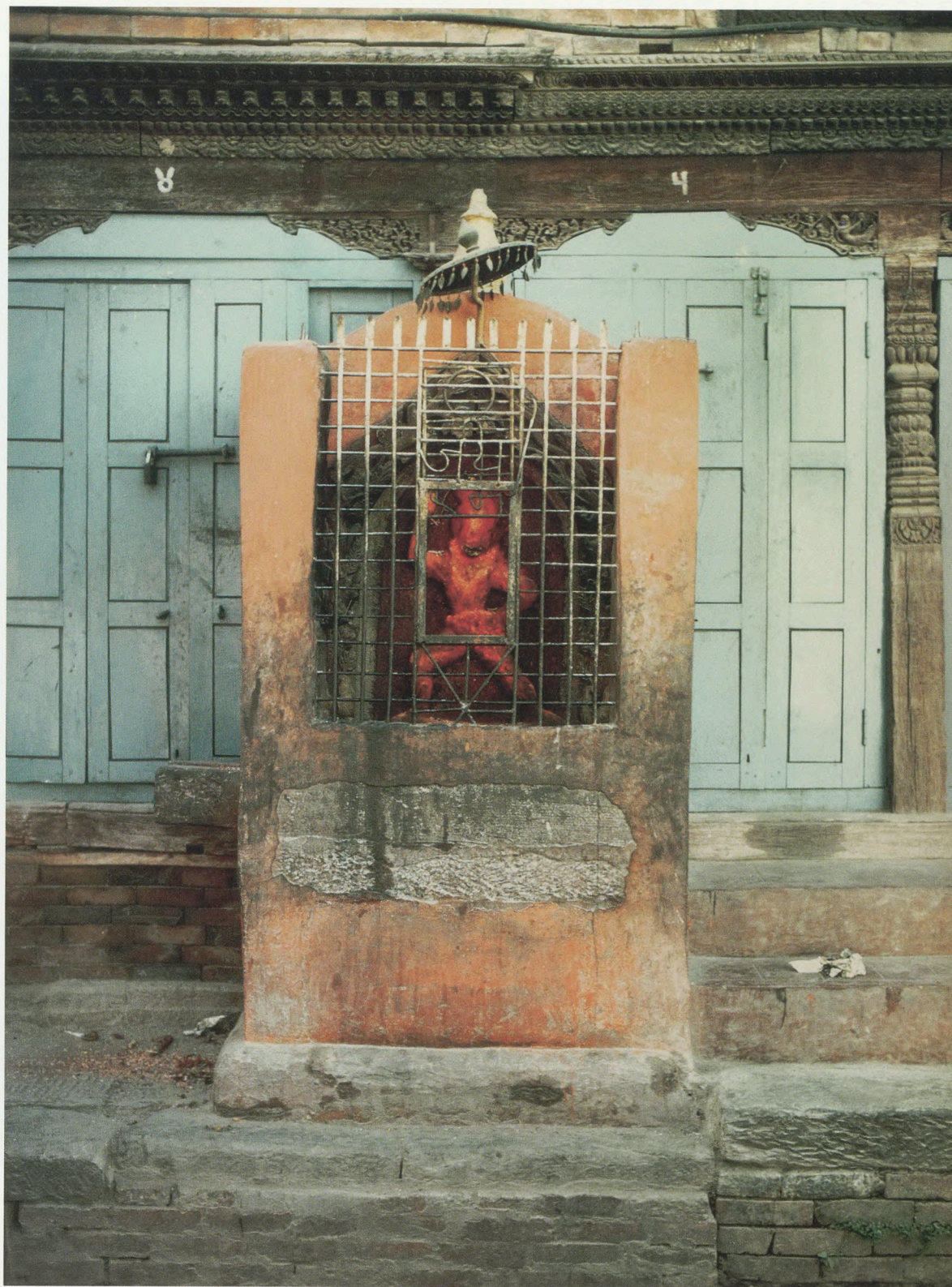






43. Kathmandu, 1985





40. Kathmandu, 1985





45. Patan, 1985





41. Kathmandu, 1985



## Peter von zur Muehlen

Landlocked between India to the south and Tibet to the north lies the Kingdom of Nepal. Straddling the highest mountain range on earth, it rides the crest of giant tectonic forces pushing the Indian subcontinent up against the land mass of Asia. *Himalaya: Abode of the Snow*. Here, "On sacred Himalay/On the far Golden Peak" live beauty and danger, and the gods of the universe.

The *mani* stones along the way remind the visitor that in this land, every journey is symbolic. On these stones, artists have engraved the image of the Buddha and the word-sounds of the Bodhisattva Avalokiteswara, *Aum Mani Padme Aum: Behold the Jewel in the Lotus*. *Aum* is the roar of eternity and the stillness of pure being. *Mani* is the adamant flame, the diamond of the void. Essence beyond matter, it lies within *Padme*, the Lotus of creation, whose leaves of delusion enfold *Nirvana*. The silence before and after is the unpronounceable, the unmanifest.

ཨོཾ་མ་ཎི་པ་དྲེ་ཏུ་

In the crystalline air, under the white sun, a great silence pervades the space. It is the silence of timelessness, a silence in which to disappear. The transcending light and the infinite calm have sharpened outlines, solidified all ob-

jects before me in their permanent places. In pointy, whispering letters the words of Avalokiteswara dance upon a rock. All around loom the "enormous shapes . . . on their vast faces mystery and dreams." I feel the urge to touch them.

Late into the night, as bone-gripping cold invades the air, the icy peaks of Ama Dablam, Lhotse, and Sagarmatha glow, radiating light like giant orange gems. Cutting into the blue-black canopy, they seem as near as the stars. Gradually, the silhouettes darken and dissolve. In the void, in this strange and frigid place, I sense a consciousness—the massive presence, the unseen density of the Himalaya. Nearby, a yak bell tinkles, moved by an invisible animal. The emptiness of eternity has swallowed all.

Later, under the cover of low, sweeping clouds, the night escapes. Morning enters, blue and cold. At the rim of the still-dark valley, the snowy peaks have begun their play with the changing sun, turning colors like celestial chameleons. On their backs, Lord Shiva as Nataraja slowly moves in his circadian dance, the dance to awaken the universe, resurrecting the day and preparing it for another night.

Peter von zur Muehlen





59. Temple Complex near Pashupatinath, 1985





50. *Namche Bazaar, Khumbu Himal, 1984*





52. Ring Road, Kathmandu, 1985





55. *Sagarmatha (Mount Everest) National Park, Khumbu Himal near Pheriche, 1984*





56. *Swayambunath*, 1984



# Checklist

Dimensions reflect image size; height precedes width.

\* illustrated

## Frank DiPerna

The following are color coupler prints, 16⅜ × 21½ inches. Numbers 1, 2, 4, 5, and 15 courtesy Kathleen Ewing Gallery, Washington, D.C. Others collection Corcoran Gallery of Art, gift of Kent and Marcia Minichiello.

1. *Apie Tree, Jalpa, Zacatecas, Mexico*, 1983
2. \**Charred Palmettos, Acatlan, Puebla, Mexico*, 1983
3. \**Maguey Field, Pachuca, Hidalgo, Mexico*, 1983
4. *Overlook, Huajuapán de Leon, Oaxaca, Mexico*, 1983
5. *Salt Water Swamp, Progreso, Yucatan, Mexico*, 1983
6. *Water Hyacinth, Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico*, 1983
7. *Adobe Hills, Montrose, Colorado*, 1984
8. *Ant Hill, Delta, Colorado*, 1984
9. \**Blue Mesa, Petrified Forest National Park, Arizona*, 1984
10. *Garden of Eden, Arches National Park, Utah*, 1984
11. *Painted Desert, Petrified Forest National Park, Arizona*, 1984
12. *Saguaro, Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, Arizona*, 1984
13. \**Sand Dune, Great Sand Dune National Monument, Colorado*, 1984
14. *Teepees, Petrified Forest National Park, Arizona*, 1984
15. \**Twenty Mule Team Canyon, Death Valley National Monument, California*, 1984

## Arnold Kramer

The following are color coupler prints: numbers 16, 17, and 25 are 16 × 24 inches; number 29 is 24 × 16 inches; number 23 is 30 × 20 inches; others are 20 × 30 inches. Photographs courtesy Tartt Gallery, Washington, D.C.

16. \**Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem*, 1985  
Looking into the Greek Orthodox chapel from the main church.

17. *Bethlehem*, 1985  
Olive trees along the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem.
18. \**Gamla, Golan Heights*, 1985  
View into the hillside where thousands of Jews committed suicide rather than be taken by Romans in 63 A.D.
19. *Jerusalem*, 1985  
View of the village of Silwan from the old City of David, the earliest Jewish settlement at Jerusalem.
20. \**Old City of Jerusalem*, 1985  
Rooftops of the Moslem Quarter.
21. *Sinai*, 1985  
A tethered Bedouin donkey, Bier Swier, Gulf of Aqaba, with the mountains of Saudi Arabia in the background.
22. \**Sinai*, 1985  
View of Bedouin tent and camel in wadi (dry river bed) where it meets the Gulf of Aqaba.
23. *Sinai*, 1985  
View descending Mt. Sinai.
24. *Herodian, Judea*, 1986  
View into the southern desert from the top of Herodian.
25. *Jerusalem*, 1986  
Monastery of the Sisters of Zion.
26. *Jerusalem*, 1986  
View into the Armenian quarter from the Armenian Museum, which details atrocities by the Turks.
27. \**Jerusalem*, 1986  
View to the southeast from the top of the wall of the Old City looking at the intersection of the Hinnon and Kidron Valleys.
28. *Jerusalem*, 1986  
Men praying at the Western Wall.
29. *Jerusalem*, 1986  
Absalom's Pillar and the cemetery on the Mount of Olives from the bottom of the Eastern Wall of the Temple Mount.
30. *Negev Desert*, 1986  
View into the desert from near Sede Bokr, the site of Ben Gurion's home.



## Bernis von zur Muehlen

The following are Cibachrome prints, approximately  $15\frac{1}{2} \times 23\frac{1}{2}$  inches, with the exception of numbers 34, 36, 39 and 41 which are approximately  $18 \times 23$  inches. Photographs courtesy Osuna Gallery, Washington, D.C.

31. *Bhaktapur*, 1984  
Small Shaivite temple with temple lions guarding entrance.
32. *Bhaktapur*, 1984  
Shaivite temple; wall lined with icon niches. When a Shiva *linga* is adorned with four faces oriented to the cardinal directions, it is called a *mukhalinga*: The shaft of the *linga* symbolizes the fifth direction, or the center of the universe. It is unadorned, since the Absolute is formless. Thus the *linga* with four faces symbolizes the entire cosmos.
33. *Kathmandu*, 1984  
Sculpture of Nandi, the sacred bull, vehicle of Shiva; *puja* offerings of tomatoes; in Durbar Square during Gaijatra, the festival of the sacred cows. The cow is considered a divine guide to the abode of Lord Vishnu.
34. *Namche Bazaar, Khumbu Himal*, 1984  
Portrait of cow; delineation of pasture on hillside. Namche Bazaar, elevation 3446 meters, is the primary Sherpa trading post and marketplace in the Khumbu Himal (Mount Everest region).
35. *Swayambunath*, 1984  
Naturalizing icon niches, sculptures of gods, temple lion. Swayambunath is a Buddhist *stupa*, or relic mound, to the west of Kathmandu atop a hill overlooking the town.
36. *Bhaktapur*, 1985  
Shrine to local god with Chepu (or Kirttimukha: "the Face of Glory") above, devouring two snakes. His leonine face wards off evil. Firewood sticks line the wall.
37. *Kathmandu*, 1985  
Doorframe painted with watch-eyes of Shiva; temple lion, bell (Tantric symbol of female principles), Newari woodworking around windows.
38. *Kathmandu*, 1985  
*Saktipitha* (an outdoor place dedicated to the

mother goddesses: *pith* means "altar" or "seat") and *puja* offerings of colored powders mixed with oil; in Kalimati.

39. *\*Kathmandu*, 1985  
Melons and Hindu poster in Thahiti section of Kathmandu. Melons are sometimes used as *puja* offerings in the worship of Shiva.
40. *\*Kathmandu*, 1985  
Hanuman shrine in Durbar Square. Hanuman, the monkey god who aided Rama against Ravana, is considered a protective deity.
41. *\*Kathmandu*, 1985  
Ancient sculptures of deities (circa 5th century) associated with the mother goddesses, with *puja* offerings of flower petals and leaves and India vermilion powder mixed with oil; in Hadigaon section of Kathmandu.
42. *Kathmandu*, 1985  
Clothes drying on wall; Shaivite mural paintings on doorframe; near Pashupatinath.
43. *\*Kathmandu*, 1985  
Shiva *linga* on *yon*i base, representing the union of male and female principles; near Pashupatinath. The *linga*, or phallus, is a symbol of Shiva. It is a columnar piece of stone or wood standing on its narrow end on the *yon*i, a plate-like disc with a drain. A mixture of water, milk, and clarified butter is poured over the *linga* as part of its ritual bath.
44. *Pashupatinath*, 1985  
Hanuman (monkey god) shrine at Pashupatinath: one of Hinduism's holiest temples, dedicated to Shiva as Pashupati, "protector of animals." Here cremations are performed at the edge of the Bagmati River.
45. *\*Patan*, 1985  
Temple with icons of gods, temple lions, *satakoan* (six pointed star) and *satakoan* graffiti, idealized portraits of Newari donors with their hands in gesture of devotion, and alphabet graffiti. The *satakoan* is composed of two overlapping triangles, symbolizing Shiva and Shakti. Shiva stands for Eternal Being and Shakti for the active female force. Their union is the ultimate source of cosmic energy. The *satakoan* is the sacred symbol of divine unity.

## Peter von zur Muehlen

The following are Cibachrome prints, approximately  $18\frac{1}{2} \times 23$  inches. Photographs lent by the artist.

46. *Baluwatar, Kathmandu*, 1985
47. *Buddhist Rock Painting, Namche Bazaar, Khumbu Himal*, 1984
48. *Caitya, (stupa), Kathmandu*, 1985  
Small *stupa* represents the body and the burial mound of the Buddha; it derives from the Vedic fire-altar and embodies the universe, housing the supreme Principle. It is a text in stone of the teachings of the Buddha.
49. *Kalimati, Kathmandu*, 1984  
Doors with *puja* markings during Dasain (Durga Puja), representing power signs of Shakti, the female counterpart of the god.
50. *\*Namche Bazaar, Khumbu Himal*, 1984
51. *Namche Bazaar, Khumbu Himal*, 1984
52. *\*Ring Road, Kathmandu*, 1984
53. *Ring Road, Kathmandu*, 1984
54. *Sagarmatha (Mount Everest) National Park, near Lobuche*, 1984
55. *\*Sagarmatha (Mount Everest) National Park, Khumbu Himal near Pheriche*, 1984
56. *\*Swayambunath*, 1984  
Buffalo in back of large fresco of Buddha during Dasain (Durga Puja). Young male buffalo are sacrificed on the eighth and ninth days of Dasain.
57. *Kathmandu*, 1985  
Wall with Indian movie posters in window; shrine at lower right.
58. *Swayambunath*, 1985  
Drawing represents temple lions, and the eyes are those of the Adi-Buddha.
59. *\*Temple Complex near Pashupatinath*, 1985  
Mother Theresa's Home for the Indigent.
60. *Temple Wall, Patan*, 1985  
Shaivite symbols.



## Frank DiPerna

Frank DiPerna was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1947. He received a B.S. in 1970 from Virginia Polytechnic Institute and an M.A. in 1977 from Goddard College in Vermont. He studied at Visual Studies Workshop, Rochester, New York, in 1971 and 1972. An artist-in-residence fellowship from the Camargo Foundation took him to France in 1980. DiPerna's work has been shown extensively since the early 1970s. One-person exhibitions include "Frank DiPerna: Color Photographs," The Corcoran Gallery of Art, 1977 (catalogue), *Recontres Internationales de la Photographie*, Arles, France, 1981, and "Frank DiPerna," Rice University, Houston, Texas, 1986. Group exhibitions include "One of a Kind: Recent Polaroid Photography," organized by the Polaroid Corporation and traveled to nine major museums, 1979 to 1982 (book published); "Washington Photography: Images of the Eighties," The Corcoran Gallery of Art, 1982 (catalogue); and "Light Work: Photography over the 70s and 80s," Everson Museum of Art, Syracuse, New York, 1985 (catalogue). He is currently an Associate Professor at the Corcoran School of Art where he was Chairman of the Photography Department from 1978 to 1981 and from 1984 to 1987. He lives in Purcellville, Virginia.

## Arnold Kramer

Arnold Kramer was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1944. He received degrees (a B.S. in 1966 and an M.S. in 1968) from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and studied photography with Minor White in Arlington, Massachusetts, from 1967 to 1972. He received grants from the National Endowment for the Arts in 1975 and 1979, and Creative and Performing Arts Board Grants from the University of Maryland in 1972 and 1977. One-person exhibitions include: "Arnold Kramer/Interior Views," The Corcoran

Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., 1978 (catalogue), and "Eleven Pictures of this Time," Sander Gallery, New York, 1981 (portfolio published). Group exhibitions include "Octave of Prayer," MIT, 1972 (catalogue); "Celebrations," MIT, 1974; "Exposed and Developed," National Museum of American Art, Washington, D.C., 1984 (catalogue); and "Portrait: Faces of the 80s," the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, 1987. He lectured in still photography at the School of Architecture, University of Maryland from 1970 to 1981 and currently is a commercial and architectural photographer as well as a consultant to the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum. He lives in Washington, D.C.

## Bernis von zur Muehlen

Bernis von zur Muehlen was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 1942. She received a B.A. in Literature from the University of Pennsylvania in 1963. Individual shows of her work have been organized by The Baltimore Museum of Art, 1978, and the Delaware Art Museum, Wilmington, 1981, among others. Group exhibitions include "The Male Nude," Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery, New York, 1978; "Invisible Light," organized by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibitions Service, Washington, D.C., 1982 (catalogue); and "Behold the Man," Stills Gallery, Edinburgh, Scotland, and the Photographers' Gallery, London, 1988 (catalogue). Among the publications which feature her work are *Women See Men*, Kalmus Ripp, and Wiesenfeld, eds., McGraw-Hill, 1977; *SX-70 Art*, Lustrum Press, New York, 1979; *The Story of American Photography: An Illustrated History for Young People*, Martin Sandler, Little Brown, Boston, 1979; *The Male Nude in Photography*, Lawrence Barnes, ed., Crossroads Press, 1980; and *Frauen Sehen Männer*, Peter Weiermair, ed. and curator, Frankfurter Kunstverein, Verlag Photographie, Schaffhausen, Switzerland, 1988. She teaches English and Creative Writing in Fairfax County, Virginia and lives in Vienna, Virginia.


## Peter von zur Muehlen

Peter von zur Muehlen was born in Berlin in 1939. He came to the United States in 1956 and received a B.A. from George Washington University in 1961 and a Ph.D. from Princeton University in 1972. He has had one-person exhibitions at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, 1976, and The Bayly Art Museum, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, 1979, among others. Group exhibitions include "Virginia Photographers 1978," Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, 1978 (catalogue); *Arte Fiera*, Bologna, Italy, 1978; Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery, New York; "One of a Kind: Recent Polaroid Photography," organized by the Polaroid Corporation and traveled to nine major museums, 1979 to 1982 (book published); "Virginia Photographers 1980," Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, 1980 (catalogue); "Washington Photographers of the Seventies," Washington Project for the Arts, Washington, D.C., 1980; and "Photographers x Photographers," Arlington Arts Center and The Corcoran Gallery of Art, 1981. During the summer of 1988 he completed a photo project in Prague, Czechoslovakia with his wife Bernis. He has worked as an economist for the Federal Reserve Board since 1968 and lives in Vienna, Virginia.









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